There were also numerous other ponds, all of which are now gone and live only in the memory of those who used to enjoy them.

The South Side was practically at a standstill during the time between 1870 and 1880. This was the period following the panic and a depression was felt all over the country. In the year 1883 growth again began and from that time on the proogress has been steady and rapid. A new charter was procured under the administration of Thomas L. Sullivan and in 1893 the viaduct, which was the salvation of this part of the city, opened up the way for still greater possibilities. At this time the paving of streets was commenced and better fire faclities and protection added, besides the extension of the water company's plant in this direction. Houses began to be scattered and the entire community took on the appearance of a live and typically up-to-date

Naturally the question arises as to who is entitled to the credit of all this. The answer is easy. The South Side Improvement Club, that has been working for over ten but the one heroic feature about it is that years for the welfare of this part of the city. This organization is nonpolitical and has been constantly in touch with affairs in this region. When it was first started it worked with both parties, but lately has changed and become nonpolitical. The officers are F. J. Meyer, president; John F. White, vice president, and Charles B. Stilz, secretary. This organization was instrumental in getting the Garfield Park electric line and also secured many other improvements. Ten years were required to get the Garfield line, and the club feels proud of its

Space will not permit an account of the numerous fine school buildings, large church edifices, wide and shady drives and beautiful and attractive residences in which the South Side abounds in plenty, but all these may be seen by a visit to this part of town, when one will be convinced of the expansion of Indianapolis. However, the rehearsing of the past history will suffice to show the rapid improvement in that part of the city. It is in this locality that the most attractive park in the State is to be found, namely, Garfield. A description of this inviting grounds appeared recently in the Journal, as did also an account of the South Side St. Vincent's Hospital, all of which add greatly to this part of the city.

#### AT OYSTER BAY.

#### President Roosevelt the "Best Thing That Ever Happened" There.

New York Tribune.

The tewn has grown wonderfully in the The Independent Order of Odd Fellows has a new tall, with the three links done in red,

Then there is the building which for two fitted up for him. The blinds are already hung, and the man who bought them must have been color blind. No sky ever showed a brigater, more noisy blue than those blinds. The building is the Moore block, on one of the four corners about which Oyster Bay life throbs It is owned by the man who keeps the grocery on the

since the boom began. There is a hundred City Hall. Gravel and sand did well enough pefore. Hiram Smith has painted his barn, The folk consider this rather careless of Hiram. The photograph gallery still keeps open just one afternoon a week.

burning money and doesn't care what he want to live in the town the President calls home. Realty prices have soared. Lots at \$300 are worth \$1,000 now. One piece of property jumped from \$10,000 to \$20,000 while a New Yorker was thinking of taking an "The President is the best thing that ever happened to Oyster Bay," is the "Prices do be high," declared Deacon

lacob Smith White, the dean of the hack drivers who fringe the station. there's 'Joe' Aproy, who lives over by the Mister President's. He's been the only poor fellow out that may fur a long time. He's got nothing but a little garden plot, and he refused an offer of \$11,000 for it.' "Do you think he'll ever sell?" asked the

"Taint likely now," said the deacon, pulling his white beard. "I clean forgot to tell you that 'Joe' ain't poor no more. He married a woman with an income, a month-"Much of an income?"

"Oh, Lordy, yes-\$60 a month." Deacon White has refused some realty offers himself, as he declared when passing an old graveyard in which six generations

of his grandfathers are buried. A rich man wanted to add the cemetery to his property. He offered to secure the same acreage in an incorporated cemetery, remove the bodies at his own expense and pay \$5,000 besides. The deacon did not consider the When the President and his family are at home the old man has a heavy income driv-

ing vistors to and from Sagamore Hill. had a curious woman aboard"-Oyster Bay hackmen speak as though their remarkable rigs were sound sloops-"the other day," he related, "and all the way out here she kept saying things about the President which were not altogether favorable or proper. It was plain she didn't like him, and them sort are so rare that for a bit I was surprised silent. "Finally, says I, 'What is the matter with

"'What do you mean, sir?' says she to me, sort of drawing herself up. "'I'm sure you're tainted,' says I again. 'You're a rebel.' "'You are right. I am a rebel, and I am

you, anyway?' says I. 'I believe you are

"'Well,' says I, 'you must not talk that way about the President in my hearing. We are personal friends, and it won't do.' ' In this the hack driver was essentially Oyster Bay. Every one in the village is the President's personal friend, whether Mr. Roosevelt knows it or not, and no one can talk about him in an unfavorable way. At Sagamore hill they are preparing for the family's return and its accompanying horde of the curious. The hackmen have the privilege of driving through the modest grounds if they keep their "fares" from told to take branches from the trees on the other side of the rail fence-a bit of property

the President does not own. When Texas, the charger on which Col. Roosevelt rode up San Juan Hill, was in the Sagamore stables hairs out of his tail were in great demand. Many a school teachdown hack horse.

The President farms forty acres at Sagamore Hill, the farm being superintended erop is burned up. Seaman is proud of

about here," he said the other day. "Last | famous for about the most invigorating air summer we surprised every one. A man in the kingdom, but the whole region is one from Virginia was here visiting the Presfrom Virginia was here visiting the Pres-ident one day, and came into the field where tion to nearly any one, "Undershaw," Sir we were hoeing. He went back to the Athur's place, is especially well situated. house and got the President just to show him the potatoes

"'I'd like to take some of those home in my grip,' he said.
"'Send him a barrel, Seaman,' said the

State' when they left the ranch, but they call them 'Roosevelts' in Virginia.

## Where Instinct Fails.

Kansas City Journal. quickly becomes emaciated and often it runs amuck like a man made crazy by the use of morphine or whisky. On the prairie the word "locoed" is applied to men who are intoxicated or who have lost their minds, and it has moved on to the East, where it doubtful if many know its origin.

This has not been sh Arthur's only interesting performance of late, however. The novelist took the chair at the annual ladies' dinner of the Authors' Club night before last—at which, by the way, Rider Haggard and Percy White also were present—and, after paying several especially happy compliments to the club's fair zuests, made

# THE LITERARY FIELD

THE SAD STORY OF THE CARLYLES TOLD AGAIN WITH NEW FACTS.

Conan Doyle Engaged in Writing More "Sherlock Holmes" Stories-Anarchist Literature.

The posthumous work of James Anthony Froude, published to-day by Messrs. Longmans-Green, under the title of "My Relations with Carlyle." tells the intimate history of the relations of Carlyle and his wife, and concludes a great controversy, says the London Mail. It is a pathetic and moving story-a tragedy one of the deepest which the human imagination can conceive; Carlyle himself was willing that the truth -and the whole truth-should be told.

Mr. Froude's literary executors explain the motives which have led them to publish these facts, which were found "after his death in a dispatch box, with a copy of Mr. Carlyle's will and a few business papers. The notes are written in pencil, and so far as is known Mr. Froude had shown them to no one." They have now seen the light because "the production of the 'New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' edited by Sir James Crichton-Browne, with the serious charges contained in introduction and footnotes, appeared to us to demand its publication." Mr. Froude notes that Carlyle and his

wife were not happily mated: "Rumor said that she and Carlyle quarreled often, and I could easily believe it. \* \* \* Various hints were dropped in the circle which gathered at the house in Cheyne row about the nature of the relations between them, that their marriage is, a truthful account of the author's exwas not a real marriage, and was only

Mrs. Carlyle "was sarcastic when she pity, contempt, and other feelings." was "never more eloquent than in speaking irritable, strangely foregtful of others, selfoccupied, and bursting into violence at the smallest and strangest provocation-evi-dently a most difficult and trying household

Thus lived this pair of unhappy beings, till death claimed Mrs. Carlyle. He was overcome with misery at her loss. "He shut himself up in the house with her diaries and papers, and for the first time was compelled to look himself in the face and to see what his faults had been The worst of those faults I have concealed hitherto. I can conceal them no longer. He found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages (by me omitted) of her diary. \* \* and he added an injunction of his own that

be it was never to be destroyed." Thus by an act of sincerity which recalls Rousseau he decided that the truth should be told. And what is the full truth? It is revealed in these passages: Geraldine Jewsbury was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate and confidential friend

however stern and tragic that record might

correspondence, a large part of which Miss Jewsbury gave me \* \* proves sufficiently how close the confidence was. \* \* \* I had myself some external acquaintance with Miss Jewsbury. When she heard that Carlyle had selected me to write his biography she came to me to say that she had something to tell me which I ought to know. I must have learnt that the whole state of things had been most unsatisfactory; the explanation of it was that "Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married. Mrs. Carlyle had at first endeavored to make the best of the position in which she found herself. But his extraordinary temper was in consequence of his organfamous he had become more violent and overbearing. She had longed for children and children were denied to her. This had been at the bottom of all the quarrels and all the unhappiness.

Froude had felt "all along that there must be some mystery of the kind." Indeed, as I have already said, there were floating suspicions long before in the circle of Cheyne-row. That Mrs. Carlyle had resented it was new to me. I had supposed that probably in the struggling and foriorn circumstances in which they began their married life they had agreed, being both of them singular persons, that they would do better without a family. Miss Jewsbury entirely dispelled this supposition. She said that Mrs. Carlyle never forgave the injury which she believed herself to have received. She had often resolved to leave Carlyle. He, of course, always admitted that she was at liberty to go if she pleased. Hence Mrs. Carlyle looked with bitter-

ness upon his relations with Lady Ashburton. His wife "had once been his idol she was now a household drudge." Miss Jewsbury further elucidated the strange relations of the Carlyles. She said to me that Carlyle was the nobler of the two. Her veneration for her teacher never flagged in spite of all. \* \* \* In her last illness, when she knew that with his wife or with his brother, the late she was dying, and when it is entirely con- Eugene Field. ceivable that she would have uttered any light or ill-considered gossip, she repeated

all this to me with many curious details. I will mention one, as it shows that Carlyle did not know when he married what his constitution was. The morning after his wedding day he tore to pieces the flower garden at Comeley Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury.

On one occasion Mrs. Carlyle told him that she had almost made up her mind to leave him. His answer was, "Well, I do not know that I should have missed you; was very busy just then with Cromwell. Such are the chief and most striking disclosures of this singularly indiscreet pamphlet. There is much other matter bearing on the intimate relations of Carlyle, his wife and Lady Ashburton, but into these things there is no need to go further. The one redeeming feature of the whole sorrowful tale is Carlyle's eagerness that his wife's reputation should be vindicated, even at the expense of his fame and the absolute sincerity which led him to tell and not to suppress the truth.

#### More "Sherlock Holmes" Stories. London Letter in Washington Post.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has laid "Brigadier Gerard" away, he says, permanently; has discontinued work on the revised edition of his "Great Boer War," and is now touching the shrubbery. The visitors are devoting himself exclusively to the new series of Sherlock Holmes stories, which are to begin in July. Of course, it has been revealed in the United States that the erstwhile "Doctor" Doyle has discovered that his old companion in Baker street was er to-day is cherishing as a sacred war not killed after all in the Alps, but it may relic a bit of hair from the tail of a broken not have been stated that the new adventure of Sherlock Holmes will consist of eight separate stories. Sir Arthur is writby Noah Seaman. The garden is flourish- ing them at "Undershaw," the picturesque ing in spite of the drought, but the hay place near Hindhead, which he bought not so long ago. The author's environment is a good omen for the quality of the stories. "This is one of the best potato farms for not only are Hindhead and its vicinity From his windows the knight overlooks a magnificent valley and a heath covered with gorse and bracken. The writer's study is situated in such a way that no sounds from the highroad which runs close to "Undershaw" can reach a worker there: Those potatoes were called 'Empire in fact, the whole place is exactly such a one as befits the preparation of a series of stories for which the readers of two coun-

tries are waiting. Sherlock Holmes's creator and resurrector, who, by the way, celebrated his forty-It is reported by the Greeley Republican ever, so much absorbed by his literary lathat loco weed is unusually abundant on bors that he cannot get a chance to inthe prairies this year. Loco weed is a dulge in his favorite recreation-cricket. plant which sets animals crazy and event- The author is rather more than a clever ually causes their death if its use is con- amateur player. In fact, a famous cricktinued But the peculiar thing about it is eter remarked of Sir Arthur the other day the manner in which it upsets the popular that if he had cared to become a profes-idea that animals have an unerring instinct sional he would have had few rivals at "the which teacher them to avoid all foods wickets." And Sir Arthur demonstrated which are harmful. When a horse or cow only last week that this estimate of his has once tasted loco it will wander over | saill was not unmerited by engaging in a the prairies Lunting for more of it and re-fusing to eat grass or any other food. When largest score but one on his side. an animal has acquired the loco habit it | This has not been Sir Arthur's only in-



OF FLETCHER AVENUE Pretty Southside Residence District.

of novel writing, which he described as a | book. Again, I never keep my own works "We all know," he said, sell our nerves for a livelihood. One cannot both sell them and have them, and possibly the want of them is occasionally manifest to the world. The tragedy of

in the characters we create-in the joys and sorrows we depict. An old novelist, I think, is as rare an object as an old worker in white lead. The author's trade ought to be scheduled among the dangerous

#### Anarchist Literature.

W. L. Alden's London Letter. Miss Isobel Meredith has just published book entitled "A Girl Among the Anarchists," which purports to be, and doubtless perience as an Anarchist. The book may son with an unpopular political creed may like to read what the "Girl" has to say, Anarchist as a peculiarly vicious type of mad dog, will not care to read pages of anything concerning him except his last dying speech and confession. I mention the book merely to protest against the author's assumption of the title of "girl." Very probably she is a young woman, but assuredly she is not a girl, any more than Mr. Morley Roberts, who furnishes a preface to the book, is a boy. If a woman is publisher for it, the chances that she is a zirl are extremely small. A short time ago unintentionally annoyed a woman writer who had described herself as a girl by suggesting that she was nothing of the sort The pretense that every unmarried woman is still a girl may be tolerable in society, but in literature it should be stern! frowned down. If the writer of the book about Anarchists had described herself as "A Woman Among the Anarchists" no fault could have been found with her title page, but when she deliberately asks us to consider her as a girl she impliedly asks us to regard her book as unworthy of attention. For surely there can be little worth noticing in what a girl might write concerning political matters, or, for that matter, concerning anything.

Mr. Morley Roberts, who contributes, as I have said, the preface to the "girl's" book, is understood to fancy that he is an Anarchist, but one can as well imagine George Fox promoting the interest of Quakerdom with hand grenades as to imagine Mr. Roberts in the act of propagating his alleged faith with dynamite. He has lately written a volume of essays, which is to be published in the autumn, if not sooner, and it is possible that we shall find in that volume a confession of his political faith. Certainly it will not be a confession which will cause any man's blood to run cold. I have never read an essay by Mr. Roberts, but I should imagine that he is just the man to write essays that would hit something or somebody particularly hard.

#### Another Chicago Author. 'Lounger," in the Critic.

When Mrs. Roswell Field definitely ad mitted writing 'The Russells in Chicago" some little stir was felt in circles of the city. The little book had been ascribed to more. The one thing perfectly clear was disguise. Lily Naylor was generally regarded as a transparent mask for Rose (Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor.) Swami Vivekenanda, the Fortnightly, the Little Room, Mrs. Potter Palmer's and Mrs. Coonley-Ward's drawing rooms were equaly recognizable. Mrs. Field is described as "a small, dark,

vivacious woman, a Roman Catholic in reigion as becomes her semi-Spanish blood, and with the large black eyes and abundant black hair also thereto appertaining." Mr. Roswell Field, her husband, contributes the column called "Lights and Shadows" to the eral books, both alone and in collaboration

## Successful Authors Complain.

New York Tribune, Mr. Andrew Lang is wrathful over the

some significant observations on the subject | complains. "I would rather write another in stock-few men do-and to buy them costs me just as much (I conceive) as it costs the It is useless for him to argue. People will go on begging authors for their books and autographs until the end of time, and there is no use in trying to stop them. our profession is that we live many lives | But perhaps, by dint of unceasing effort, something may some day be done to suppress certain other parasitical individuals at | thing. whom Mr. Lang flings his scorn, "the bores who daily ask a man to let them publish selections from his books for their own private benefit in volumes of their paste-and-"Why cannot they write their own We do not know, unless it is besay, and if they had would not know how to anthology of prose or of verse is legitimate, occasions on which even the most harassed of authors feels that it is perfectly proper for him to grant the privilege requested of him by a compiler. But in recent years the | dars for 45 and 50 cents apiece. or may not be worth reading. Those who altogether superfluous and mercenary annumber. They ought to be frowned upon with the utmost severity, and be compelled to earn their living.

#### Literary Notes.

The novel of the moment in Germany is said to be "Jorn Uhl." by a new writer named Frenssen. Some 140,000 copies have been sold within the last few months,

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new romance founded on the life of Mary Queen of Scots. The story will be published serially before it is printed in book form. Mr. Hewlett has been at work on this romance for a number | So, too, colors vary to some extent. Two

Those who have read Ralph Connor's (the Rev. Charles W. Gordon) stories of Western life will be interested to know that the author is as successful a minister as he is a writer. He is pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg. The congregation, it is reported, has just completed a church edifice, and is keeping pace with the growth of the

It was recently stated on the authority of the London Academy that Maurice Hewlett explained the title of his new novel, "The Queen's Quair," by defining a quair as cashier, a quire, a little book." Now Mr. Hewlett writes to the academy: "I hope you will allow me to point out, with reference to a paragraph in your issue of the 23d, that I did not assert a quair to be a 'cashier,' but a cahier, which is a very dif-

In a list of twenty volumes of poems reby the authors themselves and nine by houses that merely act as publishing agents for authors. The inference is that the great mass of poetry goes begging for a publisher, with the author so convinced of the importance of his message to the world that he would rather be his own publisher than leave his pipings unprinted. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poetry

comments a New York paper, is sufficiently meaningless. Even if the five nations be England, America, France, Germany and Russia, there does not seem to be any partain twenty-five poems at least that have not appeared before, besides all of his best work that has been made known in the last seven years. The title has but little weight in selling a book by Mr. Kipling, or by any other author who has forced his way to public favor by the strength of his own individuality.

Mr. C. K. Shorter recalls the story of the humorist who copied out "Samson Agonistes" and rechristened it "Like a Giant another, and had it declined by them all, although one was willing to print the book if the author would contribute \$200 toward the expenses. "I do not know if this did words "Easy Money." There is a calendar perfectly certain it might have happened. and I am sure that a new poem as good as | pearance of the chambermaid: "Did you | ulo, and is, in effect, a sort of public hom-'Paradise Lost,' if offered to the publishers | ring, sir?" which no one would look at at age. to-day, would be rejected by every one of | the beginning of the season in which it first them-not unnaturally, because they would appeared, and at the close people tumbled all of them be right in assuming that the over each other to get it, and there was not public does not want to buy poetry."

Mrs. Everard Cotes, who is probably betselfishness of the people who write to him | ter known as Miss Sarah Jeannett Duncan. and to other authors begging for copies of is now in London, where she will superintheir books, with autograph inscriptions. "I | tend the publication of her new book and |

for a few weeks. The delights of the Lon-don climate may not, as a rule, be very obvious to the visitor, says Mr. Alden, but when the visitor comes from India, even London seems to have a delightful climate. Mrs. Cotes has lived for several years in Calcutta, which probably has the most infamous climate of any city in the world, and to her even a London fog must seem a thing of beauty and a joy for as long as it lasts. Her last book, "Those Delightful Americans," was a success, from the publisher's point of view, and was certainly an extremely entertaining story.

#### CALENDAR MAKERS BUSY.

Designs for 1904 Output Already Being Selected by Big Firms.

New York Times. This is the heart of the calendar season. Nothing in general business is to be seen much more ahead of time than the calendar, particularly the advertising calendar. Business cards in this form are popular, and the calendar dealer who makes this business a specialty has sample calendars for one year out and ready for inspection the January of the year preceding. Business men have even rushed the season by ordering in the year previous, giving their orders in December, 1902, for their calen-

dars of 1904, but that is not usual. May, June, July, August and September are the months when the great bulk of the business men decide upon the kind of calendar they will send to their customers the following year. Very large firms are apt to be the first to order, and they get the pick of the designs. There are always many people who put in their orders late for every-

At the first of the year a firm doing business in advertising calendars will have out 150 or more different designs in calendars scissors work." They are exasperating, in- for their customers to choose from. These will range in size from a small calendar which can be sent off in a small envelope in price from \$15 a thousand to \$200, or from 11/2 cents apiece to 20 cents. Some large business houses pay as high as 25 cents, and occasionally there will be specially fine calen-

That calendars are sold by the thousand thologists have enormously increased in does not imply that they are always bought in thousand lots. That is no more certain than that the most wealthy firms will put the most money into individual calendars. Frequently small firms will get expensive calendars or a large firm may get a small number, say, 500, of expensive calendars, putting the money into quality instead of

> There are certain fashions in calendars, though as a rule they are brought out with one idea of making them as generally attractive as possible. At the time of the battle of Manila bay there was a demand for warships, and when Dewey came home his pictures were popular. When automobiles first came out they also figured more or less. years ago the white calendar went out and is only now just coming in again for use in

> great vogue, has also passed, and the threetone colored designs and halftones are used on domestic calendars, and lithographs on those which are imported, and range a little higher in price. The work on the calendars is excellent. The colored illustrations are taken from water colors and oil paintings, as a rule, and many of them are worth putting into frames when they have done duty as a calendar. The halftones are taken from photographs. After the picture has been nade for the calendar the decoration of the card is considered and this is often very artistic. The work of card and pad making belongs to different classes of workmen. Any pad can be used on any calendar, but one is usually selected with reference to its color to harmonize with the card. It is seldom nowadays that a man cares to have the design on the calendar have any reference to his business. Small dealers in

> small places do this more frequently than big city merchants. The latter select their advertising calendars for their general attractiveness. A pretty calendar will be hung, while an ugly one will be thrown aside immediately. It is hard to tell what makes for popularity in a calendar. The calendar makers do not know what it is. The calendars which they decide early in the season will be the best frequently have no vogue, while others will run into popularity immediately. Each man, apparently, selects his calen-

> dar according to some crotchet in his character which does not appear upon the surface. One jolly out-of-town man always selects pictures of children, which is not, per-haps, unnatural, and a cross, crabbed individual never fails to select pictures of pret-

been popular among the designs for 1904 is a really artistic Indian design in black and white, made from a clay model. All the designs are good, though the calendar man says that he will have designs occasionally that seem to him so ugly that they would be better in the waste basket, but they are sent out with the other samples and find There are country scenes in which cattle

appear, dog calendars, pretty children's pictures, female figures and heads, fruit and lowers, and really charming landscapes. There are also the humorous pictures. One on this line for the 1904 calendar shows a pretty Maud Muller sort of creature in colors, raking in banknotes. Under this are the happen," says Mr. Shorter, "but I am of a previous year, showing a bathroom scene, the unexpected and undesired apa supply large enough for the demand. It is seldom that a calendar will run for more than one year, but those which are popular are generally put in a less expensive class for a second. Where a firm wishes to have something

original, a special design is made. A man hate writing autograph inscriptions," he enjoy the delight of the London climate doing a large business may have practi-

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cally a calendar of his own by selecting one of the stock calendars and ordering 50,000 of them, with the agreement that no others will be sold in this country. Or another man may order 10,000 with the agreement that none of the same calendars will be sold

within a certain distance of him. Advertising calendars are sold in numbers ranging from 100 up. The insurance companies send out calendars in numbers ranging from the thousands up to millions. A Paterson (N. J.) patent medicine man uses 7,000,000 in a year. There are probably 100,000,000 used throughout the United States every twelve months, and yet it is said that with the opening of each year there is always a scarcity of calendars, and one calendar manufacturer says he hasn't a 1903 calendar in his house, and is still waiting for some one to send him one.

NOT PLAGIARISM, BUT HOMAGE.

Maeterlinck's New Play Contains Scene Taken from Browning.

Reading Maeterlinck's new play, "Monna Vanna," Prof. W. L. Phelps, of Yale, came upon a scene that was very familiar to him, and he knew why it was so. He had read something very like it years before in Browning's "Luria"-published in 1846. On examination he found the parallelisms more striking than ever, and was astonished that the critics had spoken of them. He pointed them out in a contribution to the Independent, and sent the article to Maeterlinck himself. That dramatist wrote back that the professor was entirely right, and that he, too, had wondered at the blindness of the critics, especially as he had of set purpose taken for his use the same epoch, the same hostile towns and almost the same transpose the whole and render the borrowing unrecognizable," he wrote, "if my intention had been to dissimulate. Here is the really interesting paragraph in

this Maeterlinck letter: admirer of Browning, who is, in my opinion, one of the greatest poets England has produced. That is why I look upon him as belonging to that classic and universal literature which all the world is supposed to know. It is thus natural and legitimate to borrow a situation from him-or, rather, a fragment of a situation—as one borrows freely from Aeschylus, Sophocles and Shakthis rank, is made, so to speak, coram pop-The professor asked Materlinck's leave to

publish the letter in the Independent, and got it. He wishes everybody to understand distinctly that in his first article on the resemblance he did not accuse Maeterlinck of plagiarism.

WASHINGTON NEWSPAPER MEN. These Correspondents Are a Superior

Class of Men. Frank A. Vanderlip, in Scribner's Magazine.

Newspaper conditions in Washington are unlike those in other cities. There are innumerable representatives of papers, covering the whole range of the country, each one of whom serves a constituency of great importance. As a body, the newspaper cor-respondents of Washington are incomparably superior to the average newspaper representatives in other cities. Many of them have been intelligent observers of public affairs for a generation, and have been the confidants and advisers of many Cabinet officers. There is hardly an important newspaper man in Washington who is not at times the trusted custodian of state secrets, and the relation of these men to public affairs is entirely different from the relation of the average reporter in other cities to the business questions of local interest It is important that the secretary of the treasury recognize this, for the Treasury Department is one of the chief sources of news at the Capital, and that he should learn to meet fairly and frankly the news-paper correspondents. This requires much time, much tact and a discrimination in determining those who can be fully trusted and kept confidentially informed of the progress of affairs, and those who must be talked to with guarded politeness.

The sacrifice of time is by no means with-

out its recompense. Many a Cabinet officer has received quite as good counsel from conservative and experienced newspaper correspondents as he could get from members of Senate or House. This confidential relation with newspaper representatives is unique, and unless a secretary of the treasury has been trained in the official atmosphere of Washington, it is likely to take him some time to recognize it and adjust himself to

Lament of the Lay Brother.

My days go sad and slow. For 'mid your island meadows I hear no cattle low. miss the fields of Kerry, The green fields and the kine, and in my brother's chanting is heard no voice of mine; Iona, O Iona!

ona, O Iona! My mates are glad of cheer, But I, the Kerry peasant, Dwell sad and lonely here. I send an exile's sighing Across the sundering sea; O would I were in Kerry. Or the kine were here with me

Iona, O Iona!

The saint sleeps well, I trow,

Nor dreams that one poor brother's

Heartbroke for Ireland now; Heartbroke to be a herdboy And watch the entile feed, And call the cattle homeward Across the darkening mead.

-Unknown.

Iona, O Iona!

All summer swallows stay
About your towers; the seagulls
To Ireland take their way.
Ah, would, I cry with weeping.
The seagulls' road were nane;
To hear and see the lowing.
The kind eyes of the kine!

Iona, O Iona!

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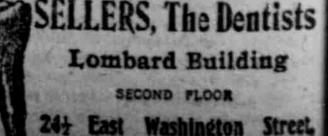


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# MOST POPULAR WEST POINT GRADUATES



West Point's graduating class this year was the largest, most interesting and most prominent in the history of the United States Mills tary Academy. There are ninety-four new lieutenants to be made this year, and every West Point graduate will be given a commission in the regular arms. Above are portraits of members of the graduating class voted "best" in various lines.